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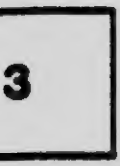
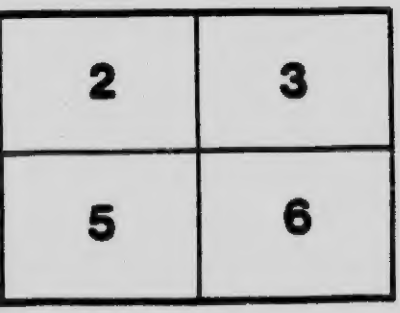




The L

(The two highest peaks of the mountains that overl
outline to the Li

I

IN the Northern sky we calmly lie,
On guard by the Western seas,
Where the cliffs draw back from the
narrow track
Of the tide and the ocean breeze.
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow mist pale
We are waiting and watching there.

We clearly rise on th
When the sun an
And the glory fills a
That glow in a ra
When the radiance
And the purple p
We fling to the sky
Cloud-banners of

The Lions' Gate

ntains that overlook the harbor of Vancouver bear a marked resemblance in outline to the Lions of Trafalgar Square.)

---

almly lie,
ern seas,
back from the

ocean breeze.
rim

ale
here.

2

When the foam flies fast as the gale rides past
Outside on the rolling bay,
Our challenge roars on the rocky shores
At the foot of our ramparts grey,
The waves retreat with a sullen beat,
For they dare not pass us by,
And the Inlet's breast is a dream of rest
Where the white sails folded lie.

3

early rise on the amber skies
en the sun and the seas have kissed,
he glory fills all the circling hills
t glow in a rainbow mist;
the radiance fall[illegible] our granite walls
d the purple peak[illegible] unfold,
ing to the sky from our fortress on high
ud-banners of crimson and gold.

The Lions

4

ND far below where the waters flow
The stately ships sail through,
For the fair surprise of a city lies
Where the forest giants grew,
She holds the key of an Empire free
Whose glory has but begun,—
The nations meet at Vancouver's feet,
The East and the West are one!

5

The sap that stirs in our migh
Fed by the Northern dew,
Though chilled by death, in c
Shall bud and bloom anew,
Barbaric kings, when the bulb
Shall couch 'neath the polis
Whose mossy mould once slo
Down far Canadian streams

: Lions' Gate

ers flow
rough,
ity lies
grew,
ire free

5

We gaze afar to the last faint star
Ere its light in the dawning dies,
And a vision breaks ere the world awakes
To our clear and steadfast eyes,—
Like the flocking wings that the Autumn brings
When the sea-gulls gathering fly,
To their haven of rest on the harbor's breast
Shall the fleets of the world sweep by!

6

rs in our mighty firs,
orthern dew,
by death, in cavern wreath
l bloom anew,
when the bulbul sings,
eath the polished beams
ould once slowly rolled
adian streams.

The Lions'

7

ND deep within our forests dim
The Spirit of Beauty dwells,
Where the long moss sways
through the woodland ways
O'er the fox-glove's fairy bells,
To the dawn she springs on the starry wings
That were folded in darkness long,—
The glorious theme of the artist's dream
The soul of the poet's song!

9

We sentry stand by Heaven's
At the portal of her away,
No threatening foe dare pass
While her Lions guard the
Stern and grim on the mount
We crouch in our cloudy la
Behind the veil of the snow m
We are waiting and watchi

Lions' Gate

dim
ells,
ys
l ways
bells,
s

8

Through our open gate shall the world await
The Orient's fragrant spoil,
And the golden grain shall flow forth again
To the millions who starve and toil;
Forest and field their wealth shall yield
To the men who are true and brave,
And still on high in Canadian sky
Shall the banner of England wave!

9

d by Heaven's command
of her away,
foe dare pass below
ons guard the way!
on the mountain's rim
our cloudy lair,
of the snow mist pale
g and watching there.

The "Beaver" to th

(The wreck of the "Beaver" lies near the entrance to Vancouver ha
"Empresses," the new steamships of the Canadian P
the pioner steamer of the Pacific

1

BROKEN hulk, forlorn and lost
am I,
Above me frown the cliffs in
ramparts high,
Beneath, on rocky ledge,
I stranded lie.

2

Around, the hungry waves await their prey;
They surge above my head, and day by day
I crumble as they steal
My life away.

3

Yet not alone despoiled by wind and wave,
But Man, whom I have served, disdains to save,
And robs me as I sink
Into my grave.

Th
Yo
Th

A
Th

A

A
A
W

" to the "Empress"

to Vancouver harbor, within a short distance of the course of the
f the Canadian Pacific Railway. The "Beaver" was
ner of the Pacific Coast—1835.)

4

lost The sea-weed damp and chill binds fast my breast,
Yet deep below, in passionate unrest,
n There stirs a hope, a dream
Unknown, unguessed.

5

At morn, when first the pallid daylight creeps
Through clinging mists, where soft the darkness
sleeps,
And faintly trembles down
To dusky deeps;

6

At noon, when clear and bright the waters spread,
ave, And Ocean scarcely moves to rock my bed,
While droops the golden moss
Above my head;

The "Beaver" to the

I

T eve, when shadows fall and
winds are free,
And moaning surges call aloud
for me
To sink to sleep at last
Beneath the sea;—

II

Still, still I gaze afar; I watch, I wait,
Till lo! she comes, she comes in royal state
And sweeps majestic through
The Lions' Gate!

III

Great Empress, proud, serene! thine advent fleet
Announced by herald echoes wild and sweet,
The purple hills proclaim,
The vales repeat.

To my
Thou
Strang

Fair w
Its frag
Still lin

Above
Like m
A char

IV

I know thou dost not heed my drea
Nor mark, in passing by, the lonely
Where desolate I lie,
By all forgot.

to the "Empress"

10

To my dull vision, from the world apart,
Thou seemst a miracle of magic art,
Strange forces throb and glow
Within thy heart!

11

Fair white Enchantress from the Orient sped!
Its fragrance and its spice about thee shed,
Still lingering incense breathe
Around thy head.

12

Above thy path the gleaming sea-gulls fly,
Like mystic spirits weave in circles high
A charm of waving wings
Against the sky!

13

heed my dreary lot,
by, the lonely spot

l forgot.

The "Beaver"

14

THE Past am I, but yet thou canst not chide
The worship thou hast won from ancient pride,
Whose youth once challenged Fate
And Time defied.

15

For had I never crossed this Western sea,
Nor braved its wrath to find a path for thee,
Where then thy stately grace
Secure and free?

16

The dawn of Science smiled upon my birth,
And I, amidst these wilds, have proved her worth,
Whose glory now is spread
Through all the earth.

Oh! may its light tha
With dreams of thee a
Where I beneath the
Have

eaver" to the "Empress"

et thou canst

hast won from

challenged Fate,
fied.

n sea,
for thee,

ny birth,
ved her worth,

th.

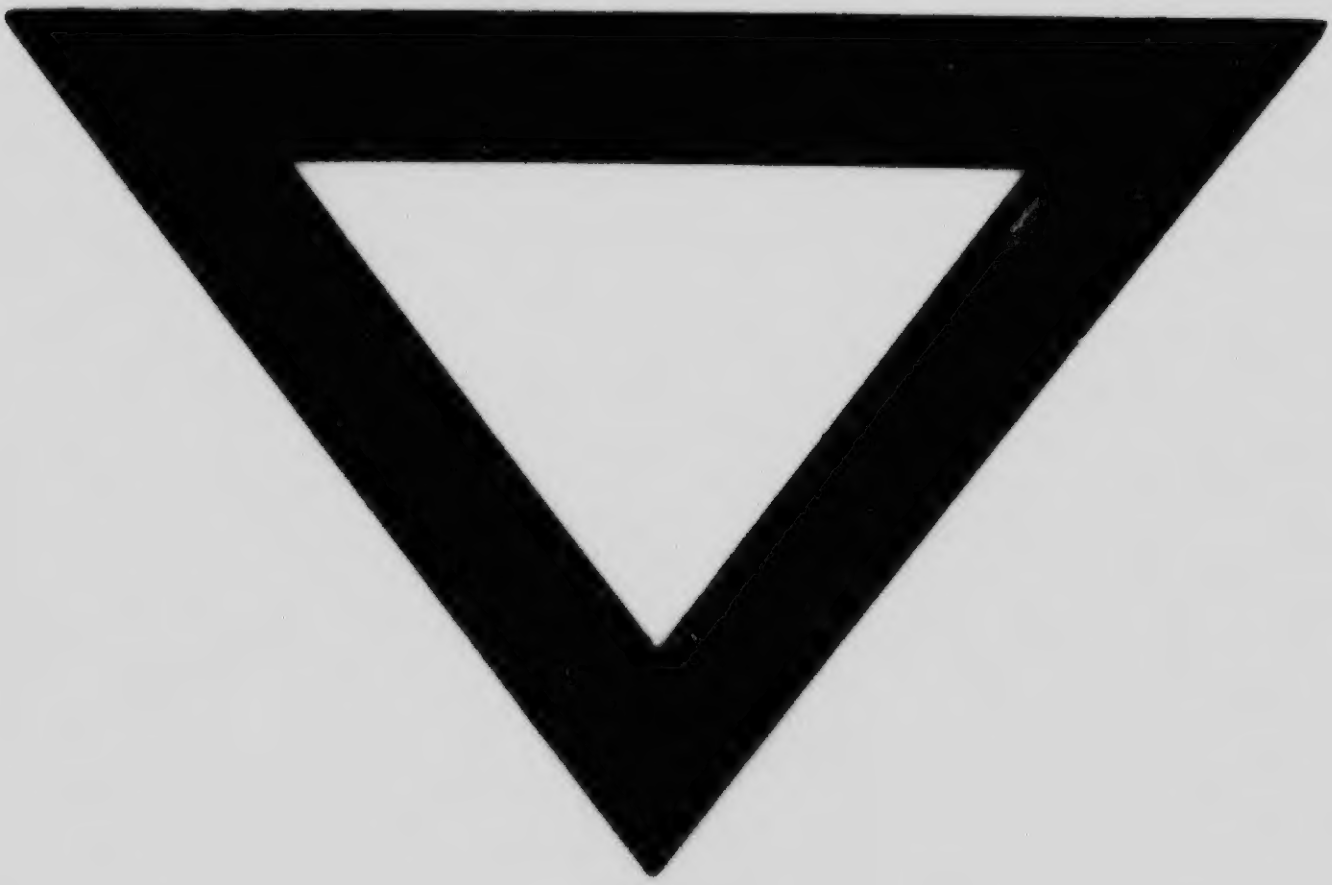
17

Through storm and calm I toiled for many a year
While yet th' untrodden forest slumbered here,
Of Progress, Faith and Peace
The Pioneer.

18

But now my work is done,—I sink to rest.
Fair Empress! may the wave thou hast caressed
In music murmur still
Above my breast.

19

And when at midnight's hour thou drawest nigh,
And softly through the mists that sleeping lie
The star upon thy brow
Is gliding by,

ay its light that trembles o'er my tomb
eams of thee steal downward through the gloom
I beneath the sea
Have found my doom!